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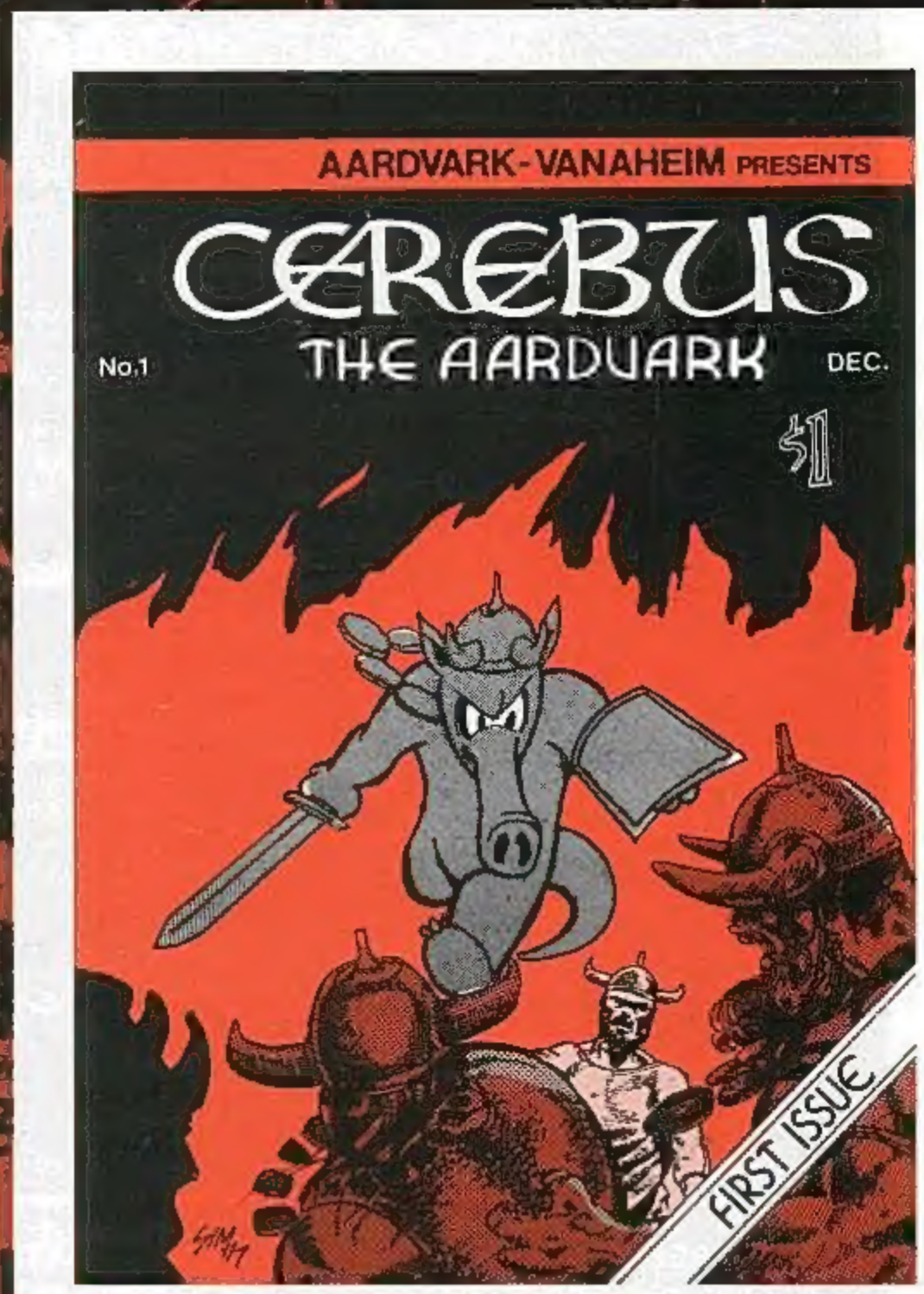
CEREBUS

bi-weekly



reprinting Cerebus number one (1977) in its entirety

December 2, 1988

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
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CIRCULATION
35,000

DAVE SIM
President

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

You may be wondering what an aardvark is doing in the middle of a sword & sorcery comic book.

Well, I'm glad you asked that, because, come to think of it now, I was wondering the same thing.

So, I trudged down to Dave Sim's studio and asked him that very question. He just shrugged his shoulders and continued inking page fifteen. Not even a glance up!

Next question?

Oh — there aren't any other questions? Well, then, let's see.

First of all, I'm Deni (if you check the signature at the bottom of this, you'll see a verification of that) and I'm the fortunate one who gets to help pay the bills.

Cerebus began as a logo for Aardvark-Vanaheim Press. In case you're curious about A-V Press, the name was suggested by my brother as a joke which seems to have backfired. There is, (or will be soon) a "limited edition press" magazine called **Cerebus**. The name was supposed to be **Cerberus**, but I was taking notes at the meeting that day and my spelling stinks on my best days (I had to explain the name somehow, so a misspelt ancient dog became a grouchy barbarian aardvark). It's really quite simple, isn't it?

I didn't think so either, but that's the breaks.

Deni Loubert

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS No. 1 (December 1977-January 1978)

If I had known what I was letting myself in for, I probably never would have started. It was a good theory. I had just completed two whole comic books where I had done the work from start to finish; PHANTACEA #1 and REVOLT 3000 #1. On PHANTACEA I had worked from a script. On REVOLT I had done all the writing as well (it still hasn't been released by IRJAX ENTERPRISES by the way). It had been a lot of work, but I had discovered that it didn't kill me to draw more than ten pages for a given story. What was to prevent me from doing a comic book that Deni and I would publish? There was no one to pay me, I had never paid a printing bill in my life, I was virtually an unknown and we could only muster a single order for five hundred copies. We were half-way home already.

I had decided to use Cerebus the Aardvark as the title and central character for this guaranteed best-seller. In the year prior to my sitting down to pencil the first issue, I had a) met a girl named Deni who was doing a fanzine b) designed a logo for said fanzine herein known as CEREBUS (the logo is the same now as it was then) c) persuaded girl Deni that she must have a name for her publishing enterprise d) received two suggestions from girl Deni's brother Michael (Vanaheim Press) sister Karen (Aardvark Press) and e) diplomatically selected both. I proceeded f) to design a company logo featuring a cartoon aardvark (since I didn't know how to draw a Vanaheim). I then supervised the pasting up of the first issue of Cerebus the Fanzine featuring prose and art by g) Brother Michael, Boyfriend Me, Sister Karen, Head Honcho Deni, Too Tall Bob and numerous others. Printer h) rips us off for originals and payment - and Aardvark-Vanaheim Cerebus the Fanzine bites the big one.

In the course of all this, we noticed that Deni had spelled "Cerberus" incorrectly. I solved this by suggesting that Cerebus was the name of our aardvark mascot. It was a small step from this point to pencilling a page of Cerebus bouncing merrily atop a horse (yay) and sending it to Mike Friedrich as a new feature for QUACK; which he was quick to refuse (boo).

The page was just lying there and it sure beat making up a new character.

I admit to an intentional gross-out on page two, that you would not be likely to see again in the pages of Cerebus. The severed hand bit served to establish that tho this might be a cute and furry aardvark, this was also a mean and lethal aardvark. I drew the first issue the same way I have drawn each successive issue. I start at page one, pencil ink and letter it, and then go on to page two.

Which probably doesn't do a thing for you, but believe me — there are professional comic artists who absolutely bump their chins on the carpet when I tell them that I finish each page one at a time. The accepted method (y'see) in the comic book world (the graphic arts' equivalent of Charlie Chaplin's Modern Times) is to fully pencil, then fully letter, and finally ink a whole book at one time. When I consider it too carefully, I get the first indications of an ulcer brewing. If I were to try and do Cerebus that way, I'd fall apart after four issues. By the time I was pencilling the last page, I'd be indicating where the head and hands belonged and rough indications of panel borders. By the time I was lettering the last page, I'd probably be handwriting it with a felt tip pen. And of course by the time I was inking the last page, I'd probably be using a roller to spot my blacks.

Which neatly segues into the way I break down my own workload; self-induced multiple personality for fun and profit. When I start the book, I'm The Writer. The writer bitches for a week about how he never has any fun, he's tired of being funny all the time, and nobody cares about him anyhow. This is followed by a period of deep intense silence, much staring at walls, punctuated by cheery optimism on the order of; "That's it! I'm dead! I can't think of an ending!" or "I'm just going to have to scrap the first ten pages — they're lousy." Often it is less coherent than that — reduced to the more succinct, "Garbage! It's all GARBAGE!"

Eventually the plot is finished and The Penciller, Inker and Letterer all crowd into one small room and start to work. The Penciller, dreaming of nubile young groupies gathered in the street below chanting "Dave Sim! Dave Sim!" starts to rough in page one. The Penciller listens to records, the radio, takes frequent breaks for coffee and donuts, hums and generally finds as many ways as humanly possible to devote as little attention as he can get away with to the work at hand. The Penciller draws the way most people doodle. He wakes up an average of once every hour or so — just long enough to make sure Cerebus is holding his sword with his right hand. Then it's back to semi-sleep and daydreams. Unfortunately, this doesn't last forever. As soon as the Penciller is done, he falls completely comatose, which once again releases the dreaded Writer and his badly-battered stooge The Letterer. All The Letterer wants to do is fill up the available balloons, mark off the panel borders with his rapidographs and make way for the inker (who, I might add, is starting to sweat in his own little corner of my brain, trying to remember what the little blue squiggle in the corner of panel two was supposed to be). The Writer however has just decided that all the dialogue that was ready for page one is unusable tripe and (after punching all the available walls) sits down with a blue pencil to write something worthy of black ink. Eventually the Writer grumbles under his breath and vanishes and The Letterer is left to do his half hour stint of zombie work (thumb in your mouth and your mind in neutral). The Inker is the most paranoid for an obvious reason. The Writer can't come up with the right word, so he leaves it to the Penciller to make a funny picture. The Writer also interrupts the Letterer constantly to change the wording or split two balloons into three. By the time the Inker gets it, the other three are still aggravated by the gaping flaws in their own contributions. It soon becomes apparent that the Inker is not Mr. Fix-it. As a direct consequence, the Inker is limited in his dialogue with the other parts of my brain. Bon mots like "Oh yeah?" — I'd like to see you do any better," "Is this circle with the two dots supposed to be a Face?" and when each page is finished, it is the Inker who has the last word;

"Fuckit. Nobody will know the difference anyway."

HE CAME TO OUR CITY IN THE EARLY DAWN...

THOUGH LATER HE WOULD BE CALLED THE FINEST WARRIOR TO ENTER OUR GATES, AT THE TIME, HE WAS BUT A **CURIOSITY**...

YOU SEE, HE STOOD ONLY FIVE HANDS HIGH, HAD A LENGTHY SNOUT, A LONG TAIL AND WAS COVERED WITH SHORT GREY FUR...

HE WAS, IN SHORT...

CEREBUS

THE AARDVARK

©1977 DAVE SIM

HIS FIRST STOP...

THE TAVERN!

THE TAVERN! WHERE A MAN (OR AARDVARK) IS MEASURED BY HIS ABILITY TO REACH THE BAR **UNSCATHED**...

IT WAS TECHOT THAL WHO DECIDED TO BEGIN **CEREBUS'** EDUCATION IN *MANNERS!*

BACK

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE REMAINDER OF THE AARDVARK'S JOURNEY WAS UNEVENTFUL...

I CAN'T SERVE YOU HERE...

YOU'RE A...

...GUEST... AND--EH--
I ALWAYS SERVE MY
GUESTS AT THEIR
TABLES

I ADMIRE
YOUR **COWARDICE,**
OBESE ONE
...

AS CEREBUS MAKES HIS WAY TO
A VACANT TABLE, A WHISPERED
INVITATION FROM A SHADOWED
ALCOVE CATCHES HIS ATTENTION...

THERE FOLLOWED SEVERAL MOMENTS
OF TENSE NEGOTIATION BEFORE THE
TRIO ROSE...

...AND ENTERED THE
DARKENED STREETS OF
THE CITY! THERE WAS
MUCH TO DO BEFORE
DAWN...

WE ARE FORTUNATE TO GET THIS FAR WITHOUT THE WIZARD BEING AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE

WITH MOON-RISE HIS POWER IS HALVED...

IT IS THEN WE SHALL ASSAULT THE MAIN TOWER, IN SEARCH OF THE FLAME JEWEL!

IT IS THE FLAME JEWEL YOU SEEK, THEN?

AYE! IT IS SAID TO BE FLAWLESS AND WORTH A KING'S RANSOM...

WE HIDE OURSELVES HERE ANOTHER HOUR AND...

NAY! LURKING IN THE BUSHES IS NOT FOR AN EARTH-PIG BORN! IF CEREBUS DIES THIS DAY...

LET HIM DIE WITH SWORD AND TAIL HELD HIGH...

THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO CALL BACK THE IMPETUOUS AARDVARK, SO THE THIEVES DASHED AFTER HIM AS THEY NERVOUSLY WATCHED THE SHIFTING SHADOWS ABOUT THEM...

...AS WELL THEY MIGHT! FOR, NEARBY SEVERAL SHADOWS GROW AND MERGE!

BY CLOVIS' BEARD!

CEREBUS' SWORD SWUNG UP AND ACROSS; SLASHED A LINE OF LIGHT THROUGH THE SHADOW BEAST! STUNNED, IT LUNGED FORWARD...

...AND, AGAIN, THE SWORD CUTS DEEP! EARTH-PIG STEEL SOUGHT SHADOW-BEAST VITALS, AS CEREBUS SIDESTEPPED THE ATTACK

EACH STRIKE WAS MEASURED AND ARTFUL -- AND STILL THE SHADOW-BEAST LUMBERED FORWARD...

THE DEADLY DANCE CONTINUED UNTIL AT LAST, CEREBUS STUMBLED! THERE WAS TIME FOR A FINAL STROKE BEFORE THE SHADOW-BEAST LUNGED FORWARD...

AND **DIED**, BECOMING, IN THE PROCESS, JUST ANOTHER SHADOW...

WE HAVE CHOSEN OUR WARRIOR WELL, MY BROTHER--HE SEEMS TOTALLY WITHOUT FEAR OF SORCERY...

...OR ANYTHING ELSE!

ARE YOU **INJURED**, MY FRIENDZ... PERHAPS WE SHOULD WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE...

CEREBUS WILL SURVIVE.... THE WIZARD AWAITS US, THOUGH, AND OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO ATTACK HIM...

...**BEFORE** HE ATTACKS US!

INVADERS IN THE FOYER!—IS THERE NO END TO THESE *THIEVES* AND *MADMEN?*

HAVE TO BLAST 'EM WITH AN *ENERGY* INCANTATION

"THIS IS NO JOB FOR A WIZARD MY AGE," HE REFLECTED, "TWENTY YEARS AGO, I COULD HAVE PROJECTED THEM INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION..."

LET ME SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER THIS...

AK-AMAN RA TAAK SE TERIM SERA

TARIM! MY AIM IS GETTING LOUSY, TOO!

THEY PASSED THROUGH SEEMINGLY ENDLESS STONE CORRIDORS IN SEARCH OF THE WIZARD AND HIS FLAME JEWEL...

I LIKE THIS NOT ONE BIT! I FEAR, **CEREBUS**, THAT THESE SKELETONS ARE A *BAD OMEN...!*

A BAD OMEN?

AYE -- BONES FOUND STRIPPED OF FLESH ARE ALWAYS A **BAD OMEN...**

...FOR THEIR *FORMER OWNERS...!*

THEY ARE LONG *DEAD* AND WE ARE -- AS YET -- **ALIVE!**

DON'T CONCERN YOURSELVES WITH OLD **BONES**

CEREBUS!

GET OUT.... AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

THE SKELETON'S SORCERY-SPAWNED SPEED WAS UNMATCHABLE! THE AARDVARK REALIZED HIS ONLY HOPE WAS TO STAY OUT OF RANGE AND WAIT FOR AN OPENING...

THE HEAVY BLADE SLICED THE GLOOMY AIR AND CRASHED AGAINST THE AARDVARK'S BLADE AS CEREBUS BACKED UP THE SHADOWED STAIRS...

LIKE A BLINDING FLAME, THE STEEL FLICKERED AND SLASHED IN FRONT OF HIM...

HIS EYES INTENT, CEREBUS WATCHED EACH SUBTLE MOTION OF THE BLADE AND MET IT EACH TIME WITH HIS OWN...

HE MUST ATTACK! WHY DOESN'T HE **ATTACK** LIKE THE OTHERS DID?

INCH BY AGONIZING INCH WAS SURRENDERED AS BEADS OF SWEAT STOOD OUT ON THE EARTH PIG'S FOREHEAD.

BEFORE HIM LOOMED THE UNDEAD FORM! IT'S EYES **BLAZED** COLDLY, LIKE TWIN FIRES IN SOME HELLISH **TOMB**...

INEXPLICABLY, THE SKELETON HESITATED FOR A SPLIT SECOND! IN THAT SAME INSTANT **CEREBUS** LEAPT UNDER THE OUTSTRETCHED SWORD...

...AND THREW BOTH HIMSELF AND THE ENSORCELLED SKELETON INTO THE YAWNING BLACKNESS...

AS CEREBUS REJOINED HIS COMPANIONS, THE WIZARD CONTEMPLATED NEW STRATEGY

TWICE HAS MY SORCERY FAILED ME, DAMMIT!

WITHIN THE ALCOVE, HE SLID HIS HAND ALONG A JUTTING STONE UNTIL HE HEARD A DISTINCTIVE CLICK...

WHERE SORCERY HAS FAILED, MAYHAP **BOTANY** WILL SUCCEED...

EH?

FLOWERS?

WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? IF HE SEEKS TO STOP CEREBUS WITH FLOWERS HE...

CEREBUS, IGNORANT OF HALUCINOGENS, WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE BY THE **NAMA LOTUS** BLOSSOMS...

HIS THOUGHTS WERE CONFUSED AS HE STRAINED TO KEEP HIS BALANCE...

"IF **CEREBUS** IS TO BE DEFEATED LET IT BE BY SWORD OR **NECROMANCY** ..."

THE AARDVARK STRUGGLED UP FROM THE MIRE THAT ENFOLDED HIS MIND...EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING WAS APPLIED TO THE TASK...

...NOT...BY...DAMNED...

...PETUNIAS!

AT LAST, HE HAD FELT THE GROUND GROW SOLID BENEATH HIS FEET...

CEREBUS! LET US LEAVE THIS PLACE OF HORRORS!

AVE!

A SHOVE PROPELLED CEREBUS' COMPANIONS AWAY FROM THE INFLUENCE OF THE LOTUS

...AND, WITHIN MOMENTS, SANITY RETURNS! AND WITH SANITY COMES... REALIZATION...!

NO GEM COULD BE WORTH ALL THIS MADNESS...

...ALL THIS TORTURE!

NAY! YOU HAVE AGREED TO PAY CEREBUS A POUCH OF GOLD FOR THE FLAME JEWEL!-

...AND THE FLAME JEWEL YOU SHALL HAVE!...

THOUGH THE GRIM REAPER HIMSELF BARS MY WAY!...

IT HAS GROWN VERY QUIET, MY FRIEND... YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THE WIZARD HAS...
NAY! IT IS BUT THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM...
I HAVE REALIZED ONE THING IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES, ANYWAY...
WE'VE BEEN WALKING IN CIRCLES SINCE WE LEFT THE FOYER...
IF WE CAN'T FIND THIS WIZARD WE'LL HAVE TO LET HIM FIND US...
..AND IF THAT LIGHT IS ANY INDICATION ...
I WOULD GUESS HE ALREADY HAS..
WELCOME!

...WELCOME, FOOLS...
...TO YOUR DOOM!

THE TENTACLES SNAKED OUT INCREDIBLY FAST, DRAWING THE SWIRLING SMOKE BEHIND IT IN WISPY TRAILS...

CEREBUS! ATTACK THIS THING!

YOUR FRIEND CANNOT HELP YOU-- NONE ESCAPE THE MONSTER FROM TIME'S DAWNING!

HOWEVER, AT THAT MOMENT, HIS EYES CLOSED, THE AARDVARK WAS SEARCHING WITH HAND AND SWORD EXTENDED...

A HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS YOU, MORTALS A THOUSAND DEATHS WILL YOU SUFFER ....

SUBMIT TO ITS EMBRACE! NONE CAN ESCAPE THE DEATH GRASP OF...

EH? THE GREY DWARF WITH THE SWORD-- WHAT'S HE UP TO?

THEN CAME THE REALIZATION -- IF THE "DWARF" COULDN'T SEE THE CONJURED BEAST, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP HIM...

CEREBUS FOCUSED ON THE RUSTLING OF THE WIZARD'S ROBES -- THE DRONE OF HIS VOICE! THERE WAS NO WAY THE WIZARD COULD GET PAST HIM ...

HALT! NONE MAY APPROACH THE DARK MAJESTY'S PERSON... uh...

A MOMENT LATER, HIS FINGER BRUSHED THE WIZARD'S TREMBLING HAND...

DOOM SHALL BE YOURS IF...

HARK TO MY WORDS! FOR MINE IS THE POWER OF ASHEM. BOGGOT RA, MINE IS...

THE SWORD GLITTERED BRIEFLY IN THE SHADOWED GLOOM, AND THEN...

...AW NUTS..

SORCERY UPON SORCERY! ONE MOMENT THE BEAST IS ABOUT TO DEVOUR ME-- AND THE NEXT, IT VANISHES LIKE MORNING FROST...

AYE! AND HERE STANDS OUR WARRIOR! BY THE LOOK OF THAT CLOAK, THE WIZARD IS ...uh...

...QUITE DEAD... AND CRUMBLED TO DUST...

HE WAS DOUBTLESS SEVERAL CENTURIES OLD...

TAURAN'S BLOOD! THAT LIGHT! WE HAVE IT... IT'S OURS!

THE FLAME JEWEL!

FIRST, MY FRIENDS-- WE HAVE BUSINESS TO SETTLE...

THE JEWEL WAS WRAPPED CAREFULLY IN A PIECE OF THE WIZARD'S CLOAK AS THEY LEFT THE CENTRAL CHAMBER...

YOU PROMISED ME A POUCH OF GOLD IF I GOT YOU THE JEWEL ...

OF COURSE! BUT ONCE WE SELL THE JEWEL YOU SHALL HAVE A THOUSAND-- NAY! TEN TIMES A THOUSAND POUCHES OF GOLD!

A NEARBY STATUE BECAME, SLOWLY, LESS SUBSTANTIAL AS THE WIZARD'S SORCERY SLIPPED AWAY, LIKE SANDS IN AN HOUR-GLASS...

ONE POUCH WILL SUFFICE...

GRADUALLY, THE HALL SHIMMERED AND FADED AROUND THEM LIKE A BAD DREAM...

...AND THEY WERE OUTSIDE IN THE PRE-DAWN AIR...

ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THE SURROUNDING GARDEN AND A FEW ORNAMENTAL GATES AND WALLS...

HOW DID YOU COME TO KNOW SO MUCH OF THE WAYS OF THESE WIZARDS

CEREBUS HAS HIS FEET IN TWO WORLDS ...

THOUGH I WAS BORN TO BE A WARRIOR, THE WAYS OF SORCERY ARE NOT UNKNOWN TO ME...

BUT HOW DID YOU DEFEAT THE WIZARD'S WHERE OTHERS HAVE FAILED...

YOUR WIZARD WAS ORIENTED TO ANIMATION AND ILLUSION SPELLS WHICH ARE DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN

WITH THE SKELETON AND SHADOW BEAST, IT WAS MOSTLY A MATTER OF STAYING OUT OF *REACH*...

..UNTIL AN OPENING CAME UP!

BY THE WAY, THAT ISN'T A JEWEL YOU'VE GOT ... IT'S JUST A SIMPLE..

...WALNUT.

YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR...

...A POUCH OF GOLD.

THE JEWEL WAS A PRODUCT OF THE WIZARD'S SORCERY, NOT THE SOURCE OF IT... WHEN HE DIED, IT CHANGED TO ITS ORIGINAL FORM...

SO YOU HAVE YOUR "FLAME JEWEL" AND I HAVE MY POUCH OF GOLD...

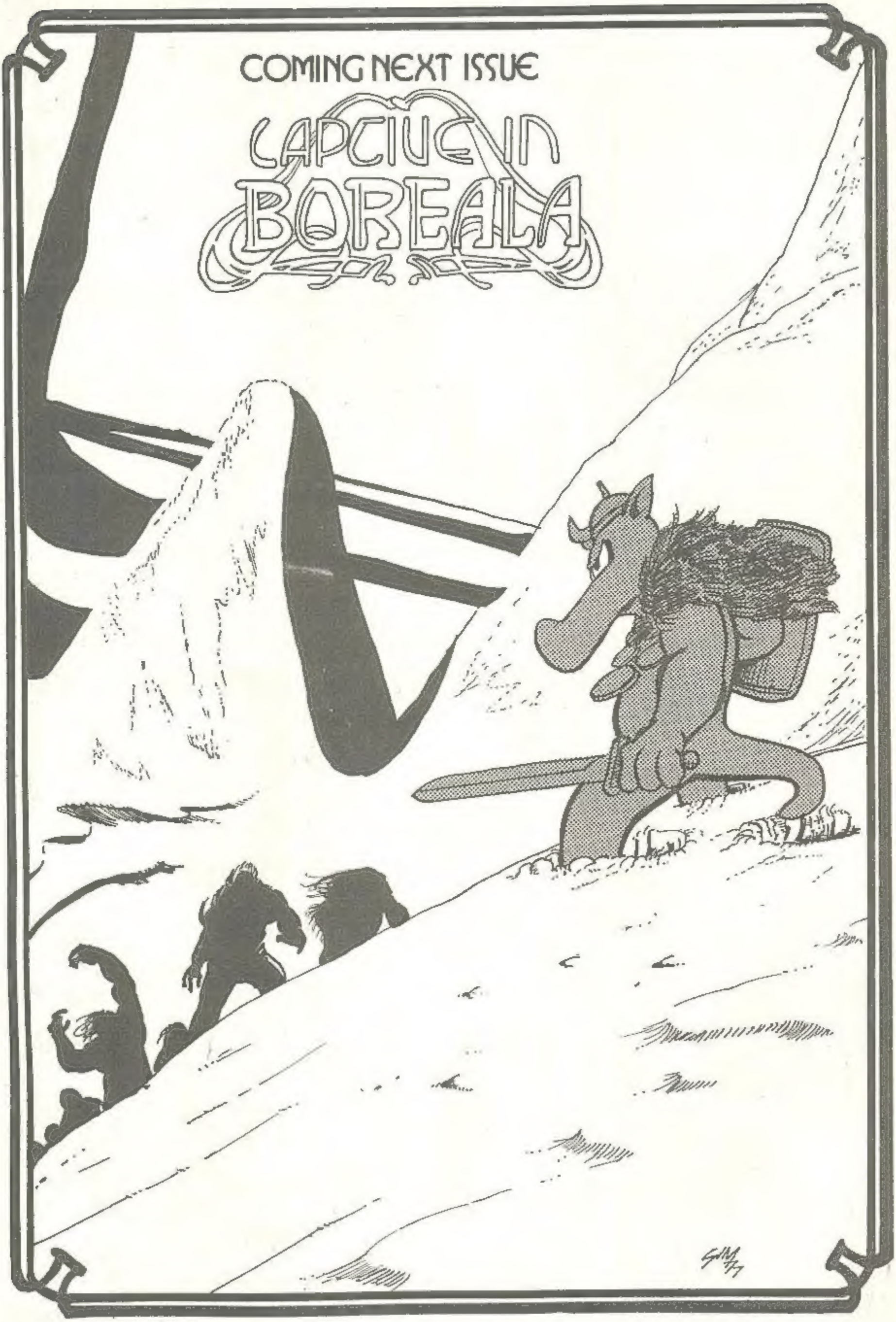
...WHICH MAY NOT SEEM ***EXACTLY*** FAIR...

...BUT ***CEREBUS*** HAS NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

IT WAS, THE THIEVES WOULD LATER SAY THE FIRST TIME THEY HAD HEARD AN EARTH-PIG ***LAUGH***...

COMING NEXT ISSUE

CAPTIVE IN BOREALA



CEREBUS
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$50 will be sent to Bill Schanes' favourite charity each time I use the word 'product' in reference to my work. This one's good for $100.

AARDVARK COMMENT

c/o AARDVARK-VANAHEIM, KITCHENER, ONT. N2H1C5

This is the first issue of **Cerebus the Aardvark**, so, by necessity, there are no letters in this letters column.

That is one of the most bothersome things about producing a first issue of a comic book. No feedback. Primarily, you are producing your product in the dark. You have no idea whether it is going to succeed or fail. You look around at all the other publications similar to yours and mark the differences as pluses and minuses in the hopes that the equation will work out, that you have figured correctly, and that the market is just right for the type of comic book you are about to introduce.

There is a resurgence, at the moment, in Canadian comic books. There is also a big demand for sword and sorcery and for funny animal books. It would be nice if combining a few successful formats naturally led to success in sales figures. Alas, as witness Atlas Comics, such is not the case.

Cerebus is not really as formulated as all that. The character emerged from the symbol I had drawn for Aardvark Vanaheim Press. There was no burst of divine light, no sudden revelation that this was a "natural", that what I had drawn was a sure-fire "seller". If the truth be known, I had had the idea of doing a **Cerebus** comic book story for six months before I considered putting pencil to paper. I had found that it is one thing to work for other publishers, to decry their stupidity, to denounce their short-sightedness and their penchant for "missing the boat" on new ideas and concepts. It is quite another to put together a book of your own from scratch with only a handful of reactions as each page is inked and the tone applied.

Nail-biting time.

A major problem when it comes to publishing your own comic book is format. In the case of **Cerebus**, it is a risky venture, because it is only twenty-four pages long. Will it sell at twenty-four pages? It has a colour cover on coated stock. Would it have sold better at forty pages with a black and white cover printed on newsprint?

You see the problems.

There is a recurring feeling as you work toward the finished product that the slightest miscalculation in format and design is going to land you in the poorhouse with thousands of dusty copies of your first issue.

Which brings me to the point of this semi-editorial. You bought this comic book. And so, we thank you and we want to let you know that, if there is a second issue (planned for February 1978) that it was largely because of you. If you bought this comic (and especially if you got a free one) we are looking for your comments. We think that you might be far enough removed from our publishing headaches to point out what we are doing wrong (or right) and we hope you will do just that. By writing a letter to "Aardvark Comment".

We'll even print as many of them as we can. Because that's what this column is for.

Other Canadian comic books available:

Arik Khan #1 Excellent comic book featuring art by Franc Reyes and dialogue by bp Nichol. Order from Andromeda Publications,
Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9

PHANTACEA #1 Super-hero comic book featuring Baron Justice and art by Dave Sim. All orders to Jim McPherson,
St., Vancouver,
B.C. V6R 3K2

FOG CITY COMICS #1 funny animal comic featuring art by Rand Holmes. Order from STAMPART,
Bentall Stn., Vancouver B.C.
V7X 1A2

OKTOBERFEST #1 copies still available of this comic published in 1976. Art by Dave Sim and Gene Day. Order from Now & Then Books,
Kitchener, Ontario

all comic books are 1.00 plus .25 postage.

the original back cover to cerebus number one